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K E P P E L I A D;

OR,

Injur'd Virtue Triumphant.

A

P O E M.

 sic potenti
Justitiæ, placitumq; Parcis.

HOR.

L O N D O N:

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TO
THE MOST NOBLE CHARLES WATSON WENTWORTH,
MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM,

WHOSE
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIRTUES NEED NO ENCOMIAST,

THIS
LITTLE POEM,

IS,
WITH THAT PLAIN SINCERITY

WHICH
HIS LORDSHIP
SO EMINENTLY POSSESSES, AND SO GREATLY ADMIRE S,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS VERY HUMBLE

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORDS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

MARQUESS OF ROCKINGHAM

AND

THE LORDS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS

AND

THE LORDS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

WHICH

ARE LORDS OF THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS AND LORDS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

DO HEREBY CERTIFY

THAT THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS

AND LORDS OF THE

T H E

K E P P E L I A D.

THE Sun broke forth, the Morning was serene,
No dreary Clouds obscur'd the pictur'd Scene;
When raging *Æolus*, with haughty Sway,
Address'd the Winds, (for him the Winds obey.)

“ Go, *Boreas*! whose Rage the Sailor fears,
“ When 'midst projecting Rocks perplex'd he steers;
“ By whose vast Force the Poplar and the Pine,
“ Rent to the Earth, their drooping Heads recline;
“ Who scatterest the Forest's rural Green,
“ And of it's Honours strip'st the Sylvan Scene:
“ *That* Man who ploughs the Ocean's wat'ry Plain,
“ Distrest by Tempests pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
“ I, mov'd by Prayer incessant, rag'd no more,
“ But sent him safely to the *Gallic* Shore:
“ In Spight of Vows, my Pow'r the Wretch defies;
“ Again his Bark th' uncertain Ocean tries;

B

“ Glad

" Glad that he *once* escap'd, he mocks my Aid,
 " And still forgets the solemn Promise made;
 " By him should rise an Altar to my Name,
 " And chosen Victims feed the living Flame!
 " Where are those Victims proffer'd to be slain,
 " That sacred Altar promis'd but in vain?
 " Go, *Boreas!* exert your utmost Force,
 " Ye Winds attendant stop his impious Course;
 " From lowest Deep stir up the Waves on high,
 " Let the loud Billows kiss th'expanded Sky:
 " So may he learn, by hard Misfortunes prest,
 " To rev'rence what he promis'd when distressed."

Scarce had he spoke, when, from the dreary North,
 From hollow Caverns, breaks the Tempest forth.
 The Winds attendant howl; the Billows roar,
 And in mad Fury strike the trembling Shore:
 One while on loftiest Surge the Vessel flies,
 Then, sudden chang'd, the low Abyss she tries;
 The Sea, the Sky, one Body form'd appear,
 And thund'ring both, distract th'astonish'd Ear;

Yet grew the Storm, by no Celestial aw'd,
 And Darkness spread her sable Wings abroad,
 Till *Neptune*, rous'd, on the dread Pillows rode;
 And from his gilded Car thus spoke the God:

" Recal

" Recal thy Winds, great *Æolus*, assuage
 " The furious Tempest's unremitting Rage;
 " Let the vile Wretch the plotted Danger shun,
 " Nor murder *Thousands* for the Fault of *One*.
 " The *British* Fleet equipp'd in Harbour lies,
 " O'er the Mast-Head the lofty Pendant flies;
 " The busy Sailors for Events prepare,
 " While Shouts of Joy re-echoing rend the Air.

He spoke: Great *Æolus* the Signal made,
 The Tempest ceas'd, and the rude Winds obey'd.
 While o'er the Waves was borne the wat'ry God,
 The lift'ning Waters saw th' imperial Nod;
 The concave Shell from *Triton* gave the Sound,
 The Blast terrific was diffus'd around;
 The blue-ey'd *Nereids*, from the tranquil Main,
 Arising, form'd a captivating Train:
 Glad at the Signal the loud Trumpet gave,
 They rode exulting on the silver Wave;
 With Admiration seiz'd, the Fleet they spy'd,
 The *Dread* of Nations, but *Britannia's Pride*;
 Review'd each stately Bark, while ev'ry Tongue,
 By Inspiration mov'd, divinely fung:

" What godlike Heroes grace yon distant Fleet,
 " Renown'd for Valour, and each manly Feat!

" We

" We well can witness what their Arms have done,
 " What Laurels, what decisive Battles won.
 " Ye Warriors, welcome! hasten to the Main,
 " And there resume your right, accustom'd Reign.
 " Ye *British* Youth! in quest of future Fame,
 " Be like your Sires, preserve the glorious Flame;
 " *That* Flame your WARREN, ROWLEY, HAWKE maintain'd,
 " And by *that* warm'd these liquid Realms they gain'd.
 " Ye stately Barks! thrice welcome too, advance,
 " O'er yon far Wave appears *insulting France*;
 " The *Fleur de Lis* aloft *exulting* flies,
 " And the bold *British Lion* vauntingly defies."

While thus they sung, the Signal was display'd;
 Each Ship, prepar'd, the joyful Sign obey'd;
 The Topsails set, aloud the Boatswain cries:
 Quick o'er the Yards the Rope extended flies,
 The ratt'ling Hawser the fork'd Anchor weighs,
 And the whole Deck resounds with loud Huzzas.
 Their destin'd Course exulting they pursue,
 While the pale Hills deceive the fading View.

The *Wife* distorts her aching Eyes no more,
 But, wrapt in Sorrow, leaves the winding Shore:
 The weeping *Daughter* warm'd with filial Fire,
 Laments the Absence of a worthy Sire;

A Bro-

A Brother, too, employs her anxious Care;
 Him she bewails, departed to the War:
 While *Portsmouth Kate*, on the wet Beach appears,
 And drowns her Sorrow in a Flood of Tears.
 " Hence, fickle Joys, away ! with him depart,
 " Who faithful shares the Wishes of my Heart.
 " For him alone" (she cries) " belov'd I'll weep,
 " And he alone shall haunt me in my Sleep.
 " Where's Love like his? Full well I call to mind,
 " How often in the sportive Dance we join'd;
 " How on this Beach with him alone I'd rove,
 " While *Gosport* stood the Witness of our Love."
 Thus left alone she ceas'd not to complain,
 And Friends deserted join'd the plaintive Strain.

Far distant *they* the rising Waves ascend,
 Nor know the Grief of each deserted Friend.
 While o'er the Deep with watchful Eye they Steer,
 Full to their View the *Gallic* Fleet appear,
 Each *British* Heart leaps at the joyful Sight,
 And sudden rous'd, pants eager for the Fight:
 Who can describe *that Hour*, that *native* Fire,
 That made our Sons to glorious Deeds aspire,
 Triumphant then in ev'ry *conscious* Breast?
 The injur'd Man can tell that Fury best.

Sure of Success, they banish ev'ry Fear,
 And with *elated* Hearts their Ships prepare;
 Prepar'd, they chace—how shameful to be said!

With *Terror* struck, the *Gallic* Navy fled.
 The *British* Tars triumphantly pursue,
 And shout to think they still appear in View.
 Such was the Scene: Long o'er the *conscious* Main,
 All *France* retir'd, but still retir'd in vain.

Ere the Two Fleets the furious Combat try,
Britannia's Genius from the vaulted Sky,
 Wrapt in a Cloud descends, fair as the Day,
 And to brave HARLAND wings her rapid Way:
 Him on the lofty Deck prepar'd she found,
 And from her Tongue was heard this penetrating Sound.

“ *Brave Man*, thy Prowess and thy Skill I've known;
 “ Thy Feats in Arms thy real Worth have shewn.
 “ The haughty *Gaul* hath been subdu'd by thee,
 “ And suppliant su'd for Mercy at thy Knee.
 “ That native Courage which you *then* possessest,
 “ On *this* decisive Day will shew thee *best*;
 “ Exert thy utmost Force; to thy Command,
 “ Divided, is bestow'd this chosen Band:
 “ With thee begins the Attack; let *Fame* proclaim,
 “ That HARLAND merited the *Hero's* name.”

To

To whom the smiling Chief in turn reply'd:

- " *Britannia's* Genius! my unerring Guide!
 " Long has that *hostile* Fleet in View appear'd;
 " What Man can say that HARLAND's *unprepar'd*?
 " Attend, *Britannia*, by all Heav'n I swear,
 " If now I live, and breathe this vital Air,
 " As soon this Day shall sink in endless Night,
 " As I, engag'd, *forsake* the doubtful Fight:
 " Give me, ye Gods, to my blest Land to prove,
 " Inferior to *none* is HARLAND's *Love*."

Rejoic'd she hears; then on the Wave she rides,
 And quick as Thought the liquid Air divides:
 Her rapid Course to PALLISER she steers;
 And, rising to his View, divine appears.

Dull Care possess'd *his* Soul; perplex'd she broke
 Her awful Silence, and majestic spoke.

- " Courageous Chief! Let not thy Feats display'd
 " In *former* Times, by *future* Actions *fade*;
 " O'er yon wide Wave the *hostile* Fleet appears,
 " And *Gallia's* Genius for her Navy fears:
 " If e'er for Deeds the Laurel grac'd thy Brow,
 " Those Deeds display, preserve that Laurel now."

To

To whom the Chief; "The Time I call to mind,
 " When none could say, Was PALLISER behind?
 " Behind inglorious Feats? but ah! some *Pest*,
 " Some *private Fiend*, disturbs my *conscious Breast*."

" Ah, *lost to Sense!*" (she instantly reply'd;)
 " Some *private Pique*, some Views *sinister* guide
 " Thy *restless Heart!* the raging *Fiend* controul,
 " Not let *Resentment* so debase thy Soul.
 " When angry *Mars* in dread Confusion reigns,
 " Who but the *Mad* his *private Grudge* retains?
 " Yes, let him reign, in blackest Rage appear,
 " *Concordant* Minds would banish ev'ry fear.
 " Know'st thou not this, that *Discord* gnaws the Mind,
 " And leaves it foul with ev'ry Vice behind?"

" But Souls like *mine*," (resum'd the Chief) "*invent*,
 " When injur'd *most*, how *most* they may *resent*;
 " Tell me, each Insult shall I *tamely* bear,
 " Each Slight receive, and Vengeance not prepare?
 " That Man thou seest"——" Ah cease," (the Goddess cries;)
 " I own thee *brave*, thou want'st but—to be *wife*.
 " I own the Feats wrought by thy conq'ring Hand;
 " But yet thy Soul could *never* brook Command.
 " Stifle thy Grief: At least this glorious Day,
 " If KEPPEL calls, thou doubtless must *obey*."

She

She ceas'd ; when suddenly she disappear'd,
 And quick her Course to *gallant* KEPPEL steer'd;
He, on the Deck employ'd, his Bark prepar'd,
 And with his Sailors ev'ry Labour shar'd.

“ My Sons,” (he cry'd) “ your Efforts all display,
 “ Your Country *honour* this important Day!
 “ Stand firm! but yet *no longer* need ye stand,
 “ If KEPPEL, fright'ned, dares not give Command.”

Haranguing thus, the Goddess he descry'd:
 A snow-white Garment, with becoming Pride,
 Flow'd down her Waist; a Spear with Gold inlaid
 Fill'd her Right-Hand, her Left a Flag display'd;
 Such *Flag* as boasting *France* has seen with Pain.
 Declaring to the World the Empire of the Main.
 Pleas'd he beheld, while she the Deck ascends;
 And from her Tongue these joyful Accents sends:

“ My *best*, my *bravest* Son! whom long this Arm,
 “ Faithful has shielded from impending Harm!
 “ How I recount the many Wonders wrought,
 “ Those *signal* Battles with the *Spaniard* fought;
 “ How the proud *Gaul*, tho' boasting in his Might,
 “ Fled from thy Face, nor dar'd th' unequal Fight!

D

“ How

“ How I recal to View each *Storm* defy'd,
“ Each diff'rent *Climate* by thy Valour try'd;
“ When, with brave ANSON, thou survey'dst each Zone,
“ To find Dominions to the World unknown.
“ When I reflect on each heroic Deed,
“ What, from Reflection, must of course proceed?
“ This, this alone: My Son, oft try'd before,
“ Waits only to display his Talents more:
“ KEPPEL, the brave, renown'd for ev'ry Feat,
“ Can best alone command the BRITISH Fleet.
“ Thou lov'dst thy *England* once; *that* Love display,
“ And shew thou lov'st her this *conspicuous* Day.”

The Chief, with Hand uplifted to his Breast,
In Voice pathetic thus his Thoughts exprest:

“ Ah! my *Britannia*, if my Actions prove
“ How great to *thee* has been my former Love;
“ *This* Day, if Fate permits, I'll shew once more,
“ *That* Love remains as *spotless* as before.
“ I'll so behave, Posterity shall say,
“ Glory appear'd, and KEPPEL led the Way.”

“ Too well,” (she said) “ I know thy *honest* Heart,
“ To think thou play'st the foul Dissembler's Part.

“ As

“ As Gold, when try’d by penetrating Fire,
“ Does from the Flame a higher Worth acquire;
“ So, to this Gold compar’d, *thyself* I prize,
“ The *oftner* try’d, the *more refulgent* wilt thou rise.
“ But yet, my Son, *one thing* remains alone,
“ *One thing* torments me, to my Breast unknown.
“ If *private Pique* defouls thy gallant Soul,
“ The Fury stem, that *private Pique* controul:
“ Then try thy utmost; *shine* but as *before*,
“ Or let loud Fame assert, *Thou shinest more*;
“ Let After Ages celebrate thy Name,
“ And KEPPEL’S and *the Hero’s* Title be the same.”

The gallant Chief immediately reply’d:

“ My *conscious* Heart *no Views sinister* guide;
“ All *private Pique* my Soul, averse, disdains,
“ No Blood *vengeful* occupies these Veins;
“ If Quarrels e’er pervade this *happy* Breast,
“ They’ll be to try, who serves his Country *best*.”

“ Adieu!” she said: Then joyful soar’d on high;
And, seated in a Cloud, refought the Sky.

Soon as she fled, the Signal was display’d,
And ev’ry Ship immediately obey’d;

That

That Instant rous'd, a Candidate for Fame,
 First in the Van the stately MONARCH came;
 Down to the *Gallic* Fleet she quickly bore,
 And made them feel her loud, tremendous Ore:
 Brave ROWLEY fought in spite of all their Fire,
 And seem'd to imitate his gallant *Sire*.
 Each Ship preserv'd the same undaunted Flame,
 And HARLAND merited the Hero's Name:
 Bravely he fought, amidst the dreadful Scene,
 And still maintain'd the Honour of his QUEEN.

That very Hour was KEPPEL seen to prove
 He still retain'd the same unspotted Love
 To blest *Britannia*, while he boldly flies
 Quick to the Fight, and Death itself defies;
 While Devastation reigns among her *Foes*,
 And VICTORY attends where'er he goes.

Nor yet was PALLISER behind; whose Name
 Still founded *worthy* from the Trump of *Fame*;
 He with his FORMIDABLE Bark appears,
 And *Gallia's* Genius for her Navy fears.

Boldly they fought, each Ship the Contest prest;
 And seem'd to try which should surpass the rest:

When

When both, disabled, from the Combat steer,
 And ev'ry Damage actively repair.
 Soon as repair'd, *conspicuous* to the View,
 High in the Air the *Flag for Battle* flew,
 And bad the Combatants *the Fight* renew.

Brave HARLAND saw the Flag again display'd;
 And all, *with Joy*, but PALLISER, *obey'd*:
 He *doleful* sat, nor took an *active Part*,
 For Anger rul'd the Passions of his Heart;
 No Effort made the *Signal* to *obey*,
 Nor gain the Trophies of th' important Day.

Long gallant KEPPEL view'd the Sight with Pain,
 Nor could he long his silent Grief restrain:
He for his Country wept; at length he broke
 Abrupt his Silence, and pathetic spoke.

" Go, WINDSOR, tell *that Man*—(thyself dictate
 " My Message) 'tis for *him alone* I wait;
 " Tell him, I wait the *Action* to *renew*,
 " E'er the dark Night obscures the fading View."

WINDSOR obey'd; quick scour'd along the Main;
 Declar'd the Message, but *declar'd* in *vain*.

E

" Oh,

" Oh, ye just Gods! that Man should be so frail,
 " So weak, with whom no Int'rest can prevail
 " T' assist his Country! Oh, my *England!* own
 " I did my best; *that* Man's in Fault *alone*,
 " When, lab'ring, *we* had half the Battle won,
 " How hard to think those Labours are undone
 " All by *his* Means! that *shatter'd* Fleet will claim,
 " From such Exploit, a meritorious Name:
 " How hard *that* Fleet should still appear in Sight,
 " And *British* Warriors be *witheld* from Fight!
 " My Soul is all on Fire!" Thus spoke the Chief;
 While o'er the Deck he walk'd, immers'd in Grief,
 Nor found from PALLISER the wish'd Relief.

While KEPPEL thus such Lamentations made,
 The fable Night brought on it's dreary Shade;
 The hardy Warriors their cold Vigil keep,
 Nor pay their Honours to inviting Sleep.
 Joyful they watch'd, till the dark Clouds gave Way,
 And fair *Aurora* usher'd in the Day:
 What Scene first offer'd then? the *Gallic Fleet*;
 To *Chance* of *Fight*, preferr'd a *safe Retreat*;
 Far distant were they seen, though CHARTRES led,
 The Eye discerning could perceive *they fled*:

Still

Still o'er the conscious Waves they urg'd their Flight,
 Till disappearing all, deceiv'd the anxious Sight;
 The *hostile* Pendant ceas'd aloft to fly,
 No Enemy appear'd their Force to try.

Such was the Scene: When they their Barks prepare,
 No Foe opposing, and to *Portsmouth* steer.
 The tender *Mother*, soon as they arrive,
 With trembling Voice asks if her Son's alive;
 The *Wife* complains, in sympathetic Strain,
 And hears the doleful News—her Husband's slain.
 While *Portsmouth Kate*, no longer seen to mourn,
 With Fondness greets her Lover's safe Return.
 All *England* rings with Joy: But ah! some Fate
 Attendant varies all the human State,
 And subjects it to Change; KEPPEL, whose Name
 Was seen *distinguish'd* on the Wing of Fame:
 For all those Laurels won, for each brave Deed,
 Stands forth *impeach'd*: a *Trial* is decreed;
 Charg'd for Misconduct that *conspicuous* Day,
 By one, whose *greater* Crime appear'd to *disobey*.

Ah! better, PALLISER, thy *Pique confess*,
 Nor scribble Nonsense for that *perjur'd* Press;
 Thou might'st have *still* been honour'd as *before*,
 By this Exploit thou'lt claim Respect *no more*.

The

The Gods celestial this *foul* Scene beheld;
 When, by true Love of Justice, *Jove* impell'd,
 That *innate* Justice which remarks his Breast,
 In Solemn Voice the list'ning Gods address.

“ Attend, ye Deities! my Counsel hear,
 “ Nor hear that Counsel with an *heedless* Ear :
 “ That Man thou seest, who lately fought *so well*,
 “ Stands forth *impeach'd*—of what, *no* Tongue can tell.
 “ We, who inhabit this celestial Sphere,
 “ Can tell *how just* these Charges all appear.
 “ I saw the Fight, his *Valour* then confest,
 “ And *Justice* bids me own, *he did his best*;
 “ This Proposition, then, I make—Attend!
 “ Ponder the Cause; the Innocent defend.
 “ Look down;—behold the Man himself appear,
 “ The Members sit the solemn Cause to hear:
 “ Let *us* from high *Olympus'* Top descend,
 “ And quick our Course to yon Tribunal bend:
 “ There, secret, let us all obtain Access,
 “ And ev'ry Member of the Court *possess*;
 “ So by this Means due *Justice* shall be giv'n,
 “ Such Justice as shall claim *the Will of Heaven*.”

Thus

Thus spoke great *Jove*; th' Immortals gave a Nod,
 All Heav'n assented, and obey'd the God.
 From high *Olympus* rapid they descend,
 And all, unseen, the solemn Court attend.

Great *Jove* first will'd the Artifice to try,
 And soon was metamorphos'd—into *PyE*.
 Then ev'ry God, unseen, obtain'd Access,
 And soon began each Member to *possess*.
 The Charge is read: the Witnesses appear,
 (The Oath administer'd) and jointly swear
 To speak the Truth,—*One Man* (his *Log* survey'd)
 Declar'd that *Alterations* had been made.
 The Plaintiff uses ev'ry crafty *HOOD*,
 Each Cloke, to *make his Accusations good*:
 But all in vain; each Witness call'd confess,
 That, from his Conscience, *KEPPEL did his best*:
 Shone far *superior*, that *conspicuous Day*;
 While *PALLISER* was seen—to *disobey*.

When each had answer'd, as his Conscience prest,
KEPPEL came forward, and the Court address.

F

“ When

“ When I had fought for *forty Seasons* past,
“ Little I thought ’twould come *to this* at last.
“ What ev’ry Witness has advanc’d, *declares*
“ How *just*, how *true*, the Charge itself appears.
“ Not even *him*, who lives my *greatest* Foe,
“ Such *dire* Affliction would I have him know,
“ As the *foul* Conscience, by *that* Man possess’d,
“ Which *clearly* dwells in my Accuser’s Breast.”

Thus spoke the Chief.—Verdict was quickly giv’n,
Such Verdict as *best pleas’d the Will of Heav’n*.

“ Whereas, AUGUSTUS KEPPEL stands accus’d,
“ That on a certain Day, (his Pow’r abus’d)
“ He did not try his utmost to *defeat*,
“ *Burn, sink*, and *take* a certain hostile Fleet:
“ *We* the said Court, confid’ring on the same,
“ Assert, to PALLISER’s eternal Shame;
“ The *Charge*, as far as we can Judge, ensues
“ *Ill-founded*, rising from *malicious* Views;
“ Therefore, by Virtue of our special Writ,
“ *We* the said KEPPEL hon’rably acquit.”

The

(19)

The Gods departed, finishing the Cause,
And the *whole* Hall resounded with *Applause*.

F I N I S.



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